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PENANCE.

He kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong
 For he was neither kith nor kin;
 Need one do penance very long
 For such a tiny little sin?
 He pressed my hand, that wasn't right;
 Why will men have such wicked ways?
 It wasn't for a minute—quite—
 But in it there were days and days.
 There's mischief in the moon, I know,
 I'm positive I saw her wink
 When I requested him to go;
 I meant it, too—I almost think.
 But, after all, I'm not to blame;
 He took the kiss; I do think men
 Are quite without the sense of shame—
 I wonder when he'll come again?

RINALDO TO ARABELLA.

Thy hair so blinded my sight, my dear,
 That have no more seems bright or near;
 I take no care,
 Though from the height still beckons she
 Whom men call love, I may not see;
 Lo! in this plain is peace with thee,
 And the upland peaks are bleak and bare.
 My soul is filled with thy voice my dear,
 I may not know
 If still the clouds soundeth clear,
 That want to blow,
 Low in the day and high by night,
 To tempt me from where the heroes fight;
 Sing to me, fold me in arms of white,
 Lying by thee in the sunflower row!
 One white hand had thou laid on my heart,
 To pulse it still;
 One on my lips, they only part,
 As thou hast willed.
 To kiss or to murmur thy sweet name;
 And what is this that men call shame?
 And what is this that men call shame?
 Love lives and the older gods hath killed!

THE STORY OF STERICKER.

Of course it doesn't really matter in the
 least, but I have a distinct recollection that
 the opera of the evening was the oft-re-
 peated "Trovatore" of Verdi. I had been
 wondering why, once again at the peculiar
 circumstances attending that crime of in-
 fanticide of which the gypsy woman, Az-
 uccena, had been guilty. Having resolved
 upon burning the baby of her deadliest
 foe, it was certainly, to say the least of it,
 a stupid mistake on her part, since the
 child had been delivered in a room of her
 own child instead. I had arrived at the
 trite decision that really she had not
 deserved to be a mother, in regard to her
 proved incapacity for taking care of her
 offspring. The invisible tenor—I rather
 think that it was Tambrilk, for I am re-
 ferring, or about to refer, to something
 that happened in the opera since the
 delivered his famous son from his prison in
 the tower, and forthwith, being much ap-
 plauded, had appeared upon the stage, by
 special permission, as it were, or upon
 some sudden relenting of his fierce jailer,
 the Count di Luna, to bow gracefully,
 to receive further congratulations, and then
 to return to captivity, in order that the
 story might proceed in the usual way.
 All this we had gone through very com-
 fortably indeed. We had really enjoyed
 our Verdi, even in his trombones; the so-
 prano had sung her best, her soaring notes
 seeming to ring musically against the very
 ceiling of the house, like gold coin upon
 a counter; the basso had produced rich
 tones from strange depths; and a bou-
 quet of light might bring forth lucious and potent
 wines from subterranean regions; the tenor
 had shot among us, now and then, a shrill
 C above the line, that had lodged in our
 ears, rending them, as though it had been
 a barbed arrow. Altogether the representa-
 tion had been most unexceptionable and
 admirable, when suddenly, as though an
 excitement in the theatre which could
 not be ascribed to Verdi or his interpreters.
 Something of a gap was audible—
 something of a cry; the sound of something
 falling, of people rising from their seats,
 and questioning and conversing in hurried
 sentences, without regard to the transac-
 tions of the stage.
 An opera-glass had fallen from one of
 the upper private boxes on to the head of
 a gentleman sitting in the stalls.
 Now I had seen the glass fall; I had seen
 a round, white, bearded arm and a
 gloved hand stretched out to arrest, as it
 seemed to me, its descent. But, of course,
 it was all done so rapidly, so quickly,
 indeed, that there was scarcely time for
 the thing to impress itself upon my mind,
 and the instant after it had happened I be-
 gan to doubt whether I had really seen
 what I had seen. It was so much more
 as though I had imagined the thing than
 actually witnessed it. Accident had occurred,
 there could be no question. The gen-
 tleman upon whose head the glass had
 descended had been carried into the lobby.
 He was said to be stunned, if not killed,
 by the blow. A belief prevailed that his
 skull had been fractured. In any case,
 an ugly wound had been inflicted upon his
 head, which, by-the-way, was bald, except
 for a crescent-shaped fringe at the back,
 and a few scanty locks arranged
 over the crown. The blood had flowed
 freely, dabbled and disfigured his white
 cravat, and embroidered shirt-front. It was
 really, altogether, a very shocking thing.
 There was no attending to the opera after
 the tragic matter happening upon
 the stage, and I quite comprehended the
 reason why the opera was stopped.
 Still I protest that I knew little of him
 beyond what he told me. But, then,
 what does one really know of any man
 beyond what he tells one of himself? And
 certainly that is not always to be relied
 on. I did not, I may add, like Stericker;
 still less did I respect him; although I had
 perhaps no special reason for not respect-
 ing him, beyond mere prejudice of a fan-
 tiful kind. He was by no means, how-
 ever, the man I should have selected for
 a friend, or even an acquaintance, had
 choice been permitted me in the matter.
 But it wasn't. I was doomed to meet
 Stericker incessantly, and so it chanced
 that we came to be almost on terms of
 intimacy with each other. At last he
 came to be on terms of intimacy with me.
 And he called me "old fellow." I did
 not approve of this, indeed I thought it a
 liberty; but what could I do? I was not
 really old, at any rate not so very old.
 But no doubt I had arrived at that period
 of life when the question of age in its re-
 lation to one's self is rather to be avoided
 than discussed, lest there should arise
 personal application which could hardly
 be otherwise than inconvenient.
 And now had occurred this accident at
 the opera-house, confirming as it were my
 acquaintance with Stericker, and con-
 verting it almost into a friendship. He
 expressed great gratitude for the assis-
 tance I had rendered him, although, in
 truth, it had been little enough. But

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK!"

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started, lifted his head, and turned his eye
 towards me. Immediately, but to my great
 surprise, I recognized him.
 It was Stericker. I have said, advised-
 ly, that he turned an eye towards me.
 His other eye was fast closed—seemed,
 indeed, to have sunk back into his head.
 Then he moved a trifle, and in my
 direction, with a new eye, it seemed.
 He tried to speak; but it was some time before
 he could utter any intelligible sound. At
 last he discovered his meaning. He had
 lost something which he desired, mean-
 ing myself and bystanders to search for.
 Search was instituted accordingly. Af-
 ter a while, very near to the stall he had
 occupied, there was picked up—a glass
 eye! It was a new fact to me, though of
 course it was not a convenient opportu-
 nity for pondering upon it, that Stericker
 wore or possessed a glass eye. I had never
 perceived any deficiency in his organ of
 sight, nor even suspected it. The glass
 eye had always seemed to me a genuine
 article—by which I mean one that he
 could really see with.
 He was gratified at the recovery of his
 glass eye. He was well enough now to
 do it with his handkerchief, and—but
 this he did not accomplish without con-
 siderable difficulty—to replace it in the
 socket it usually filled. Certainly the
 aspect of that portion of his visage was
 denoted by the more tenacious and fur-
 nished character it now again assumed.
 He then took from his pocket a minia-
 ture mirror, not much larger than a crown
 piece, and gazed at the reflection it
 furnished of his artificial organ. He desired
 to see that it was properly adjusted, and
 what artist called "in drawing," with re-
 gard to his other features.
 There was something very curious, I
 thought, about the severity with which
 his real eye scrutinized the sham one;
 while yet, as it seemed, the sham eye was
 of more importance to him, more cher-
 ished by him, than the real one.
 But something else was missing. A
 shirt-stud. For this also diligent search
 was made, and again with success. It was
 found on the floor of the lobby—a curious
 looking stud; a pearl, I thought, in the
 first instance; but it was not a pearl ex-
 actly, no, nor white coralline, which was
 my second supposition. It was an ob-
 long shape, milky white, and semi-trans-
 parent, in a handsome setting of bril-
 liants.
 Stericker expressed great satisfaction,
 if in a rather incoherent way, that the
 stud had been found. He clearly prized
 it—not for its intrinsic worth, which,
 without doubt, was considerable, how-
 ever—then, as I judged, for some associa-
 tion, possibly of a tender kind, connec-
 ted with it.
 He was now so far recovered that he
 was left solely to my care. The opera
 was over. I forgot whether there was or
 was not a ballet in those days, but I think
 not; in any case the theater was empty-
 ing fast. He sat for a few minutes longer,
 and then rose almost briskly and said:
 "I'm glad you were here, old fellow.
 I don't know what I should have done
 without you. A strip or two of plaster
 over the wound, and I shall be able to get
 on again pretty well, I dare say. Any
 chemist can manage that for me. And
 perhaps a glass of hot brandy and water
 would pull me together as much as any-
 thing."
 I was glad to find him equal to the
 proposed proceeding. I had not ventur-
 ed to hope for so rapid a recovery.
 "Not but what it was a nasty shock to
 a fellow," he said.
 I quite agreed that it must have been a
 very nasty shock—a most unfortunate
 accident. At this he laughed very wild-
 ly.
 "Whatever you call it, don't call it that,"
 he said.
 "You mean that it was not an acci-
 dent?"
 It appeared that he did mean that.
 "But I saw the glass fall," I said.
 "You mean that you saw her throw it
 down?"
 "Saw? Who?" I demanded, uncon-
 sciously adopting the interrogative of
 Hamlet.
 "Arabella!"
 I thought him wandering in his mind;
 I knew nothing of Arabella, I could not
 remember that I had ever encountered
 her, or works of fiction, any woman of that
 name. And then I came to ask myself
 what, after all, did I really know of Ster-
 icker himself? In truth, it was very little.
 "It was Arabella's doing, of course,"
 he continued. "I know that very well.
 I thought she was the master of the
 thing. I ought to have known better."
 Where I had first met Stericker I am
 by no means clear. I am almost certain
 that I was never formally introduced to
 him. But I had seen him at various
 places upon numerous occasions, until
 I seemed to have acquired quite a habit
 of seeing him. So at last—the thing was
 becoming really absurd—there was no help
 for it but to recognize him as an acquain-
 tance, at any rate. Finding each other so
 frequently face to face in the same
 place, beneath the same roof, and even at
 the same table, what could we do, even-
 tually, but laugh and nod, and say, "What
 a coincidence!" and "Glad to meet you."
 Still I protest that I knew little of him
 beyond what he told me. But, then,
 what does one really know of any man
 beyond what he tells one of himself? And
 certainly that is not always to be relied
 on. I did not, I may add, like Stericker;
 still less did I respect him; although I had
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 Stericker incessantly, and so it chanced
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 liberty; but what could I do? I was not
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 But no doubt I had arrived at that period
 of life when the question of age in its re-
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 than discussed, lest there should arise
 personal application which could hardly
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 And now had occurred this accident at
 the opera-house, confirming as it were my
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 verting it almost into a friendship. He
 expressed great gratitude for the assis-
 tance I had rendered him, although, in
 truth, it had been little enough. But

again and again he thanked me and pre-
 sently, his wounded head having been
 skillfully dealt with and relieved by the
 application of strips of plaster, I found
 myself at his lodgings in Half-moon Street,
 sitting in an easy chair, smoking a cigar,
 and drinking a temperate mixture of
 brandy and water. Until then I had
 never really known where Stericker
 lived.
 "And you saw her throw down the
 opera-glass?" he said, returning to the
 subject of the accident. I had seen no
 such thing. But he did not pay much
 attention to what I said.
 "And how did she look? Handsome, of
 course. She was always that; though
 she certainly is not now nearly so young
 as when I first met her—and loved her.
 For what could I do then but love her?
 Have you ever been in love, old fellow?"
 he demanded, abruptly.
 I said I thought I had. For I felt at
 the moment that the thing was a genuine
 one. I was sure of it. I was sure of it.
 I could be quite certain about it. I rather
 objected to the question, and on that mo-
 ment preferred to give a somewhat eva-
 sive answer. I did not wish painful memo-
 ries to be awakened; they had been asleep
 and very still for a good many years.
 "If you doubt about it, why, then, you
 never have," said Stericker, sarcastically.
 "There can be no mistake about a stud of
 love any more than about a stud of gout.
 I have suffered from both afflictions. In
 my time I have loved a good deal, and
 I have, in return, been loved very much
 indeed. I say it without vanity."
 But he said it with vanity, and it was
 to that I objected. His outstretched
 right arm, bringing an expense of writ-
 able into view, and raised his hand to his
 head as though about to pass his fingers
 through his hair and create it up, after the
 invariable manner of the self-satisfied and
 vain-glorious. For the moment he had
 forgotten how bald he was! He had for-
 gotten, too, the strip of plaster that cross-
 barred his crowning glory. These
 intimacies he had evidently experi-
 enced considerable mortification.
 I had heard Stericker described as hand-
 some, but that had never been my opin-
 ion of him. No, he was never, he never
 could have been handsome. He was al-
 ways well-dressed, although inclined to
 make an excessive, and, therefore, a rather
 vulgar display of the jewelry he pos-
 sessed. His teeth, it is true, were superb;
 but I was never quite convinced that they
 were the natural products of his own gums;
 and his nose was of that large, fleshy, Ro-
 man form which has always obtained, in
 my thinking, an extravagant measure of
 admiration from the world in general.
 My own nose, I must confess, was of
 smaller dimensions, and of a totally
 different pattern. Then he was very up-
 right, carrying before him his protruding
 waistcoat with considerable dignity. More-
 over, there was something imposing about
 his aspect and manner, arising, I think,
 from his imperturbable and deeply-rooted
 self-confidence, and his fixed resolution to
 exact from others, or enforce upon them,
 if he possibly could, his own estimate of
 himself. Still there was something decid-
 edly sinister about the expression of
 Stericker's face, and especially when he
 smiled. It was a singularly wicked smile,
 that wrinkled his nose curiously, produc-
 ed strange dirts and a dark flush upon his
 forehead, and brought down the inner cor-
 ners of his eyebrows close to his eyes, af-
 ter a decidedly ominous fashion.
 "I have loved and been loved," he re-
 peated, "and I don't mind owning, I have
 in my time jilted and been jilted." He
 said this with a morbid Don Giovanni air,
 that I thought particularly objectionable.
 "Arabella jilted me," he resumed, "and
 has never forgiven me for it. I was either
 too fair, or she was in those days. She
 was fair, still, for that matter, though she
 uses more pearl powder now than she did.
 Fair but false. Women are often that,
 you know. Shall I say always?"
 I deprecated such an assertion. Accord-
 ing to my experience, it was far too sweep-
 ing. He conceded that I was right, pos-
 sibly. Yet it seemed to me that he de-
 sired me for my moderation.
 "You remarked this stud?" He pro-
 ceeded the stud we had searched for at his re-
 quest, and found in the lobby of the opera
 house. "It would have pained me very
 much if I had lost it. I regard it as a
 precious relic. It belonged to Arabella
 once. In fact, why should I disguise the
 truth from you?—that stud is formed out
 of one of Arabella's front teeth!"
 His smile as he said this was not pleas-
 ant to contemplate. His confession had
 certainly startled me. There was some-
 thing dreadful about it, and he had the
 air of an Indian brave exhibiting a scalp.
 He gloried in the possession of Arabella's
 front tooth! How could he obtain it? I
 ventured to demand. Was it a pledge of
 affection? Could they possibly have ex-
 changed teeth as ordinary lovers exchange
 locks of hair? I hardly knew what I was
 saying, or of what I was thinking.
 "I was a dentist in those days," he said.
 What he had been before that, and since,
 what profession he followed at the mo-
 ment of his addressing me, I really had
 no idea. "And Arabella was one of my
 patients. But she was not a common pa-
 tient. She was something more, much more
 than that. She was for awhile my affianced
 bride. I loved her and she loved me—at
 least we thought that we loved each other."
 "And you didn't?"
 "Well, we didn't, as it happened, love
 each other quite as much as we thought
 we did. In fact, both were disappointed,
 and perhaps a trifle deceived. She thought
 I had money. I had been told that
 she was an heiress. Well, she was
 nothing of the kind. Still, I am a man of
 integrity, though you may not think it. I
 had promised marriage; I fully purposed
 to be as good as my word. The idea of
 terminating our engagement did not come
 from me. But Arabella's temper was im-
 petuous, she was a man, she was ambi-
 tious, and I must add, arrogant and
 deceitful. She trifled with me. She
 still held me enchained, but she encour-
 aged the addresses of another and a wealth-
 ier suitor. She designed to employ me
 merely as a means of irritating his jeal-
 ousy, and of stimulating him to declare
 himself. Then I was to be flung aside as
 something worthless, because it had served
 her purpose, and was done with. In good
 time I discovered her treachery. I had
 intercepted her letters—no matter how—
 and I knew all. But of that she enter-
 tained no sort of suspicion. She had
 ways found smiles for me, and false words
 and artificial caresses. I was maddening.
 Well, she was, as I have said, although,
 she suffered much from toothache."

She came to me in order that I might ex-
 tract a tooth that pained her. It was ar-
 ranged that the operation should be per-
 formed under the influence of chloro-
 form.
 He paused.
 "But surely you didn't?"
 "Hear me out," he said, and he smiled,
 I thought, horribly. "It was accident, of
 course, pure accident. I was dreadfully
 nervous. Was that surprising? I loved
 her, and she was amazingly beautiful. It
 was an accident, as I have said, or call it,
 if you will, an error of judgment, but
 nothing worse than that, as you value my
 friendship. (As a matter of fact I did not
 value his friendship in the slightest de-
 gree, but I did not say so.) "My con-
 duct, I do assure you, was strictly profes-
 sional. I did not even kiss her, but I ex-
 tracted the wrong tooth."
 "That was your vengeance?" I inter-
 jeeted.
 "No. She said so; but it isn't true.
 I extracted, as I believed, the tooth she
 had pointed out, desiring me to extract it.
 Was it my fault that it was a perfectly
 sound tooth, and a front one, too? She
 said it was; but women, you know, are
 not reasonable in such cases. I was a
 dentist then, with a reputation to lose; I
 was a lover then, though a deceived one.
 However, there was no pacifying of the
 matter. She was persuaded that I had done
 it on purpose. She was most violent. She
 had predetermined upon a quarrel with
 me, although she had not perhaps fixed
 upon the precise period for its occurrence.
 Well, she brought it on then. It was an
 awful scene. How she abused me! What
 language she permitted herself! How she
 screamed! What hysterics she went
 into! However, the tooth was out, there
 was no mistake about that."
 Here he smiled again, most malevolent-
 ly, as it seemed to me.
 "Her treachery towards me was pun-
 ished, although, as I have stated, by pure
 accident or error of judgment, which you
 please. But Arabella's worst vengeance
 against me. In that respect I am bound
 to say she has been as good as her word.
 It's no thanks to her that I am living to
 speak of these things to-night."
 "Then you really believe that she let
 fall the opera-glass on purpose?"
 I am quite satisfied of it. She meant
 to do it. I know it. And the first time
 she planned to punish me as severely as
 she could. You did not know until to-
 night perhaps that one of my eyes was
 artificial? Not naturally you didn't—
 Well, that was her doing."
 "What! The artificial eye?"
 "Don't be stupid," he said, rudely. No
 doubt I have been rather obtuse; but I
 had heard of ladies painting on glass, and
 doing potichomanie and other strange
 things in the way of fancy work, and for
 the moment, altogether, my mind was in
 rather a confused state.
 "No," Stericker continued, "but I owe
 to her the necessity for wearing an artifi-
 cial eye. It happened at the flower-show
 in the Botanical Garden, just as we were
 dense crowd. It was in the tent where
 the pelagians were exhibited. Not that I
 care about such things, but it so hap-
 pened. A lady advanced with her pa-
 rasol held in front of her. Suddenly
 she seemed to thrust it at me, as a lan-
 cer might his lance. Her aim was won-
 derful. The night of my eye was gone
 forever. It was quite a mercy that the
 spike of her parasol did not penetrate
 to my brain. That was Arabella's doing,
 of course. Part of her revenge?"
 "And she said nothing?"
 "She said calmly, 'I beg your pardon.
 It was an accident,' and passed on. She
 looked very handsome. She was super-
 bly dressed. However, that she always is.
 Her husband is old, but amazingly rich.
 He loves to gratify her slightest whim.
 I'm told that her only desire—the sole
 passion of her life—she cannot for-
 get, much less forgive, the loss of her
 front tooth. You see, she's reminded of
 that unhappy business every time she
 looks in the glass, which she does fre-
 quently, of course. She was always vain.
 And she means, sooner or later, to be the
 death of me, that's quite clear. She's
 made two very good attempts; at the
 Botanical Garden and to-night, at the
 opera. The third time perhaps she'll
 succeed."
 "But doesn't the thought horrify you?"
 "I will accept my destiny," Stericker
 said, smiling, and with rather an affected
 air. "It would be something to fall by the
 hand of such a woman; that would be
 my consolation; really a fine creature you
 know, although, in London, she was a
 young girl; indeed, removed some distance
 now from the bloom of youth, but still
 grand and beautiful, and so resolute! If
 she had loved me as she hates me!"
 "You love her still, then?"
 "Well, not precisely. But I admire
 her, just as I admire the Bengal tiger in
 the Zoo. If possible, I should like Ara-
 bella to be caged like the tiger, so that
 that can't be—well, I wear this stud as a
 memento of her, and for the rest, I take
 my chance. Now, what will you take?
 Another cigar? No? Some more brandy
 and water?"
 "No. I would take nothing more. I had,
 in point of fact, already taken more than
 was absolutely necessary to me. I left
 Stericker. I was much impressed by his
 experience of that night, by what had
 happened at the opera, and his extraor-
 dinary narrative touching the vengeance
 of Arabella. Was it true? I was really
 not in a state of mind to determine. Even
 now I have a difficulty of arriving at any
 distinct conclusion on the subject. But I
 know that Stericker's face wore, to my
 thinking, a very remarkable expression
 as I quitted him. His smile was simply
 awful. And strange to say—at least, I
 think so, though it may not strike other
 eyes in that light—I never saw Stericker
 again. He died shortly afterwards, as I
 read in the newspapers, the victim of a
 street accident. He was knocked down
 and run over in Hyde Park by a pony
 phaeton driven by a lady. There was, of
 course, an inquest upon his remains, the
 jury deciding, however, that he met his
 death by "misadventure." Some attempt
 had been made to hold the lady respon-
 sible, and to charge her with furious driv-
 ing. But nothing of the kind was sus-
 tained before the coroner.
 Various witnesses gave evidence, ac-

quitting her of all blame in the matter.
 Her conduct in court was said to be most
 becoming. And it was reported that, at-
 tured in very deep mourning, she had fol-
 lowed Stericker's body to its last resting-
 place in Brompton cemetery. Now, was
 this lady the Arabella of Stericker's story?
 She may have been. But I have no cer-
 tain evidence of the fact. Nor, indeed,
 have I anything further to communicate
 touching the life and death of my ac-
 quaintance Stericker.

Captive Among the Comanches.

A young Texan who was captured by
 the Comanche Indians about a year ago
 gave the following account of his experi-
 ences to a correspondent of the Galveston
 News:
 "I was trying to get five beef steers back
 to the herd early one morning last May,
 when I was suddenly surrounded by about
 twenty-five Comanche Indians, and taken
 prisoner. This happened near a small
 stream, and I was carried some thirty
 miles that day. At night we arrived
 at a sort of camp, where we joined
 fifty more Indians, and I found they had
 another white man prisoner. I was not
 allowed to speak with this man, but I
 could see from the blood on his face and
 clothes that he was wounded. As soon
 as the Indians kindled a fire and eat-
 en some meat they began to torture the
 second prisoner, though for what reason
 I have never learned. They beat him
 with a cartridge-box strap with a large
 buckle on the end of it, after stripping
 him of his clothes. They cut gashes on
 him with knives. They saved off his
 thumbs with an old cavalry saber, and
 then they tied his hands and feet to the
 butt end of a carbine. After going out
 some of his teeth with a bayonet, and
 sticking cactus thorns in his flesh, they
 poured powder in his ears and burnt it.
 All this time the man did not complain or
 cry out, as he probably expected by his
 torture to induce the Indians to spare his
 life. But in this he was mistaken, for
 they, finding that he did not complain, at
 all these tortures, began to cut pieces of
 flesh out of his legs and back and eat
 them; or at least pretend to eat—I think
 they only chewed up the flesh and spit it
 out. Seeing that all this torture did not
 make him cry out (for he had fainted),
 the chief stepped up with a sharp knife
 and cut out of his eyes, and put a live
 coal of fire in the socket, and then put
 an end to his life with a knife.
 The Indians then had a grand dance.
 I was led to a small tent. I had no wa-
 ter or anything to eat for thirty-six hours.
 The next day about midday the party
 moved in a northerly course, and trav-
 eled about twenty miles; and after this
 moved in a northwesterly course about three
 hundred miles, where we met several
 large parties of Indians, some of whom
 had been on raids in Northern Texas.
 I remained in that section of country with
 the Comanches, and was kept employed
 in a herding sort of way, and in the
 morning I was taken away from me a
 few days after I was captured, and I
 had only a pair of drawers and a blanket
 afterward. I often had to eat raw veni-
 son, and buffalo meat without salt. Af-
 ter I had been with the Indians some six
 months they ceased to treat me as a pri-
 soner, and I was allowed to go some distance
 from the camp. I think it was about
 the 1st of February I left them. I was
 herding ponies, and was allowed to ride
 one of the best without a saddle. The
 second night I took my buffalo-robe and
 used it as a saddle, filled a sack with dried
 meat, and struck for the settlements,
 which I reached toward the last of the
 month. I sold my horse and buffalo robe,
 and collected three months' pay that was
 due me at the time I was captured; and
 now, with God's help, I shall keep out of
 the way of the Indians hereafter.

A Man in a Fur-trapping Store.

A chatty writer in the Boston Globe,
 who has been shopping, says: "The
 strangest sight of all with a man enter-
 ing a ladies' furnishing store to ex-
 ecute a lady's commission for Mary Jane,
 who has gone into the country. He steps
 carefully in at the door, trading as gen-
 erally as though he expected to find in-
 numerable babies lying around under foot,
 and really looking more bewildered than
 he would if he had just stepped into a
 room full of women. Standing stock-still
 in the center of the store he surveys each
 counter in turn with a puzzled air; then, as
 if he had discovered the object for which he
 is searching, he stalks up to the hosiery de-
 partment, slowly proceeds to pull from
 some hidden recess in his innermost coat
 a huge pocket-book which he opens, takes
 out a letter, carefully unfolds it, deliber-
 ately reads through, then hunts through
 the pocket-book until he finds a little
 scrap of blue ribbon, and scrutinizing the
 face of each lady clerk, finally selects one
 and informs her that he wants '1—er
 —yard and no (consulting the letter),
 two yards and a half of ribbon (reading
 from the letter), two shades darker and a
 breadth wider than the sample.' He is
 directed to the proper counter, and, after
 paying for his purchase, packs away rib-
 bon, letter, pocket-book and all, then goes
 on his way rejoicing; but very likely
 comes back the next day, for the return
 mail has brought him word that it was
 one shade darker and two breadths wider
 than Mary Jane wanted."

A French Suicide.

The last reported French suicide is
 a young man who went to a first
 class restaurant and ordered a big dinner
 for two, himself and a lady. He said the
 lady would come directly. The dinner
 hour passed and no lady came. He ate
 the dinner for two with a good relish, and
 drank several bottles of wine, and en-
 joyed himself as much as a man can when
 he is hungry and has a double meal spread
 before him. But no lady appeared. When
 he had made a clean sweep of the festive
 board, he asked the waiter for pen, ink
 and paper, as he wished to write a letter.
 Soon after the report of a pistol was heard
 and the waiter, entering the cabinet, found
 the young man lying on the sofa bleeding
 from a hole between his eyes. The lady
 did not come, and he died. He was a
 young man of good position in his father's
 establishment, but no position in a cer-
 tain lady's heart, and so he made an end
 of his disappointment.

Let it not be imagined that the life of a
 good Christian must necessarily be a life
 of melancholy and gloominess; for he
 only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others
 infinitely greater.

Hellish Horrors.

A Terrible Struggle With the Beltrium Treason.

Cambridge City (Ind.) Tribune.
 I had felt the tremors coming on for two
 or three days. I was just standing on the
 verge of a mighty precipice, unable to re-
 trace my steps, and shuddering at involun-
 tarily leaned over and looked down into
 the vortex. That was to my wild and
 heated imagination a literal hell which
 opened up before me, and as I looked down
 into that awful lake of fire I could see the
 lost wretches, and hear them howl in their
 awful agony. The walls, the corners, and
 the awful and unearthly halcyon came fear-
 fully clear and distinct from that horrid
 pit of fire that came up before me. I had
 got in that condition that my stomach
 would not bear one bite of food or drop of
 drink. I had been repelling from my
 stomach for three days every drop that I
 drank, so that I was getting terribly weak
 and nervous. I went into the bar-room
 and asked for a drink, and, as I tremblingly
 poured it out, a snake shot its head up
 out of the liquor, and with wicked look
 and glittering eye looked at me, flicked
 its forked tongue and hissed in my face.
 I felt my blood run cold and curdle at my
 very heart. I left the glass untouched
 and walked out on the street. By a terrible
 effort of my will, I, to some extent,
 shook off the horrid phantom. I thought
 that if I could only get some stimulants
 to stay on my stomach I might escape the
 terrible torments that were gathering about
 me. And yet, at the very thought of
 touching the accursed stuff again, I
 could see the head of the same snake
 again, and hear ten thousand hisses all
 around me, and feel serpents crawling and
 slithering through every vein of my body.
 All this time I was burning and scorching
 to death for whiskey. At this time I would
 have

JOHN P. BARRETT,
JOHN L. CASE,
WALLACE GRUELLE, EDITORS.

WALLACE GRUELLE, EDITOR.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1875.

GEN. JOHN S. WILLIAMS—HIS
CIVIL AND MILITARY CAREER—
THE INSTRUCTIVE HISTORY
OF A POLITICAL DEAD-BEAT.

In the following article we shall endeavor to lose sight of the fact that the subject of it has originated and put in circulation, all the State over, about us, one of the latest falsehoods ever coined in the mint of human malice, viz that we deserted from the army during the war and fled to Canada, where we conspired with rebels whose cowardice impelled them to seek safety in a foreign land. We propose to review his public career calmly and dispassionately, divesting ourselves of every feeling of private and personal resentment, as becomes one who is writing history.

THE ILLINOIS "CONFESION."

WILLIAMS has told every where that his devotion to the Confederate cause, and the outbreak of the war, cost him \$200,000; that his "princely domain" in Illinois was confiscated and sold by the Government; and in his speech at Mayville, he actually asserted that his horses and mules were destroyed by a "loyal mob." All this is but a picture conjured up by his vivid imagination.

We published a Democratic paper in a county adjoining that in which WILLIAMS resided, and we are perfectly familiar with his career in that State, as a "farmer" and politician, from his advent in the Prairie State until his exodus therefrom. And that career we now propose briefly to retrace.

Having become disgusted with Kentucky when her Know-Nothings discarded his claims to the gubernatorial nomination in their State Convention, he emigrated to the Sucker State, which the Know Nothings had carried almost unanimously at the spring elections, as the most inviting field for the cultivation of political aspirations. Purchasing (on credit) a large farm in Piatt county, he began business as a farmer. This fit did not last longer, however, than the first Know-Nothing State Convention that met after his arrival, which assembled in the spring of 1856. He attended this, and managed to secure to himself the appointment as one of the electors for the State at large, a renegade Dutchman of Chicago, named Danenhauer, being his associate. He left his farm in the care of hired hands, and rushed into politics. Of course his business suffered. He had purchased his place on credit, and instead of confining himself to raising and selling crops, and husbanding the proceeds to meet his obligations at maturity, as prudence would dictate, he squandered his money running over the State making political speeches. The November election annihilated his party, and, in a financial sense, annihilated WILLIAMS. He managed to keep afloat after a fashion for two or three years, but finally the suits on his notes were decided against him in the Piatt Circuit Court, and the property that he now asserts was confiscated and taken away from him by the Federal Government in consequence of his adhesion to the rebel cause, was quietly sold at Sheriff's sale, in obedience to an order of the Circuit Court of Piatt county, to satisfy the purchase debt, and this occurred before

The voice of the cannon at Gettysburg routed the lion of the land. All this is matter of record, and the full history of the case can be ascertained by any one curious to learn the details, on application to the Clerk of the Piatt Circuit Court, at Monticello, Ill.

HIS MEXICAN WAR RECORD.

WILLIAMS, in his talks and speeches, claims to have done those things in Mexico of which he was singularly innocent. And it will do no harm to the cause of truth, and will greatly assist to a correct estimate of their value, when it is understood that the story of his exploits at Cerro Gordo originally published in a New Orleans paper and reproduced in Lexington *Observer* & *Reporter* by the late CARMICHAEL WICKLIFFE, which he is now parading in the public prints as testimony to his conspicuous gallantry, were but the repetition of the tale that fell from his own lips, and had no other source. After ROGER HANSON's exposure of the falsity of the "history" contained in these newspaper letters, they were permitted to slumber in peace, and were not paraded for electioneering duty until now, when the seal of death is on the gallant Hanson's lips. But now they are brought once more to the front, and the further claim advanced that WILLIAMS led the glorious hope on the heights of Cerro Gordo, and planted the American flag on the Mexican wall. His present story, it is

he went to General SCOTT in person, and implored that he and his men be permitted to participate in the storming of the heights, that the old hero of Lundy's Lane, pleased at such eagerness, promised him as hot a time as he could desire, and assigned him and his men to duty for the occasion with General WORTH, whose command stormed the heights, captured them, and Captain WILLIAMS, after losing half his men, rode in the mouth of belching cannon, and planted the starry flag of his country on the captured breastworks, and for this gallant deed he was personally complimented by the General commanding. All this sounds pretty and romantic and heroic—but it never occurred! General WORTH's command did not storm the famous heights, and this fact alone would make the attack. We find the following account of the brilliant and successful assault on the heights of Cerro Gordo in Brooks' "History of the Mexican War," and it will be seen that Colonel (afterwards General) W. S. HARNETT, now of St. Louis, commanded the assault, and it will also be discovered that the column of assault was composed exclusively of regular troops, and that WILLIAMS' Independent Company was conspicuously absent therefrom. Says the historian:

Throughout the night there were 8,000 Mexicans lying upon and around the various heights, protected by breastworks and fortifications, and further secured from direct assault by deep ravines and almost precipitous rocks, up whose steep sides they imagined a man would scarcely dare to climb. In addition to the force thus fortifiably posted, there was a reserve of 6,000 men, encamped upon the plain in the rear of Cerro Gordo, and close to the Jalapa road.

Meanwhile HARNETT was organizing his storming party. This consisted of the full infantry under Lieut. Col. PIERCE, the rifles under Maj. LORING, four companies of the 1st artillery under Col. CANTON, and six companies of the 3rd infantry under Captain ALEXANDER. All of these composing the forlorn hope were regular, picked men, daring and resolute. Many of them were veterans who had passed not unscathed through the desperate battles of Palo Alto and the Palm Bayne and the still more deadly storm of Monterey. Now they were about to wrestle with a danger perhaps more imminent than any they had hitherto encountered.

Onward they rushed, impelled by the double consciousness that the eyes of the General-in-chief were upon them, and of the terrible consequences that would follow a disastrous issue. HARNETT led the way, conspicuous above all others by his full military uniform and his commanding stature. Waving his sword and calling on his men to follow, he rapidly ascended in full view of the enemy while his cheering voice infused into the breasts of his command the same energy and dauntless enthusiasm which animated his own. It was a race for glorious renown wherein each strove to be foremost. The front ranks fell, but the survivors still pressed on, and still above the thunder of the war rose high, distinct and clear the voice of their intrepid leader. The key to the whole position was ours, captured under the eye of the General-in-chief, by an assault that stands out as one of the most fiery and desperate onsets of modern war.

General SCOTT, in his report of the battle to the War Department, mentions two subordinate officers as having been conspicuous for gallantry in this heroic onset, and Captain WILLIAMS' name is not one of those, simply because he and his command were with the repulsed under General WORTH. Who, then, were those gallant young subordinates? One was Lieutenant ROBERT E. LEE, who was in PLYMOUTH'S Fourth Infantry, and Lieut. BEAUREGARD, who was with the artillery under CHILDS, the former of whom—and not Captain WILLIAMS, planted the flag of conquest on the earthworks wrested from the enemy. All this is part of our country's history, and the heroic deed of LEE in planting his country's flag on the enemy's works is gathered with the other laurels of a chivalric life in the sainted sepulchre at Lexington, Virginia, and it is not in the power of WILLIAMS to wrest it therefrom and emblazon it on his own obscure escutcheon. No, no; the illustrious Paladin, whose life poured the virtues belonging to the heroic myths of the chivalric age live not alone in inspired fiction, but may be worn by one made of finer clay than his fellows, is beyond the vandal exploits of a pretender who would rob the grave of the glory that sanctifies the corpse and enshrouds it forever in the hearts of those who loved daring deeds and honor an illustrious and sustained career.

HIS CONFEDERATE RECORD.

The State is being flooded with a handbill, headed, "To the People of Kentucky," which purports to be Gen. WILLIAMS' vindication, from the charges preferred against him by Col. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON. To the superficial reader, the long array of letters and certificates he parades do appear to vindicate him. But a careful reading discloses the fact that the most important of them, indirectly, but actually, confirm JOHNSTON'S charges.

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WILLIAMS, in his card of April 7, published in the *Courier-Journal*, distinctly states, and in those words: "I never was in arrest, but once during the war, and that was by the order of General BRAGG (who seemed to hate all Kentuckians) for leaving my own 'Department' without orders, and going into another to meet BURRIDGE and Saltville. For this BRAGG put me in arrest, and the Confederate 'Congress' gave me a vote of thanks." Again WILLIAMS says that he never saw the charges of drunkenness and unofficer-like conduct preferred against him by Capt. BLACKBURN, based upon his conduct at Rhetown, Tenn., and was only aware of their existence from hearsay; that he endeavored in vain to get a trial, and voluntarily tendered his resignation of his command and was transferred to the Department of Georgia at his own request because of his failure to obtain an investigation of said charges. Now, look at the discrepancy between this statement and a letter he wrote Hon. HENRY L. BURNETT, at the time, and it will be seen at once that he states an untruth. In order to relieve himself from any imputation of misstating WILLIAMS, we copy his "exact" language as used in the handbill he circulated in Logan county, four days prior to the assembling of its convention, which was published in the *Russellville Herald*, and which is embodied in the handbill with which he flooded this county in the last few days. He says:

"The Captain Blackburn of Carter's regiment," referred to in Giltner's letter, is the gentleman I suppose who was leading the panic-stricken men of that regiment when they were stampeded at Rhetown, to rally whom I was compelled to throw out a line of skirmishers with orders to shoot the fugitives if they could not be halted otherwise. In my endeavor to rally these men, I met said Captain Blackburn of Carter's regiment ingloriously fleeing at the top of his horse's speed. In vain I appealed to his honor and duty as a gentleman and soldier, and finally was forced to and did strike him with my sword, and thus turned him back. This man, I afterwards heard, preferred charges against me which I never saw and never heard from, if in existence, and they never were tried. The indignation and scorn with which the author of them was treated, I was afterwards informed, drove him in disgrace and ignominy from the command. I was relieved from command in the Department of Western Virginia and transferred to the command of Kentucky troops in Gen. Jo. Johnston's army at my own request.

This is plain and unmistakable language. It cannot be misinterpreted, stood or misinterpreted. He says in so many words, "This man, I afterwards heard, preferred charges against me which I never saw, &c." The italics are ours. Now read this letter to Mr. BURNETT, which he published as a rebuttal of Col. JOHNSTON'S charge that such a charge was preferred against him, and notice the expression we will italicize in it:

WITNESSE, Jan. 7, 1864.
DEAR SIR:—Early in November last, a Captain Blackburn, of the First Tennessee cavalry (my brigade), preferred charges against me "for cursing and abusing officers and men, and for drunkenness." These charges came to my headquarters, and were sent to Maj. Gen. Saml. Jones, with the endorsement upon them that they were false and inadmissible.

I demanded an immediate investigation, but no notice was taken of the request. Some days after this I requested again in writing that the charges be investigated or dismissed as groundless, feeling that I could not continue in command while these charges were hanging over me. Neither was done. I then asked to be relieved from command until an investigation could be had, which was done. I have continued to press for an investigation up to this time but without success. Since I quit the command, most of the officers have written me voluntary letters, asserting in most positive terms that the charges were false. These letters I have shown to General Saml. Jones, who promised to dismiss the charges as groundless, or order an immediate investigation; but has done neither. I am, therefore, constrained to send them to you, and ask that you may officially draw the President's attention to them, and ask that justice may be done me. The question naturally arises, What induced Captain Blackburn to make these charges? I will tell you. At a fight we had near Rhetown, this Captain Blackburn, with his men, fled from the field, and was halted by me and my staff, and forced back, with many not very complimentary expressions on my part in regard to his dastardly conduct.

HIS CONFEDERATE RECORD.

The Captain, feeling the sting of this rebuke, was easily persuaded by designing persons to bring these charges. This Captain was dismissed the service for cowardice at Rogersville, a few weeks ago, as I have learned from General Jones and others. Yours truly,
JOHN S. WILLIAMS.

HIS CONFEDERATE RECORD.

Now what becomes of his assertion that these charges "I never saw and never heard from, if in existence?" *Falsum in uno, falsum in omnibus*, is a law which WILLIAMS has probably

forgotten, but which fits in here as a rule, though it were doctored for the occasion.

His assertion that he was arrested by order of General BRAGG is equally worthless, from the fact that BRAGG had no command at the time, that officer having been relieved by General J. E. JOHNSON, who in turn had been superseded by General HOOD. But General WHEELER, WILLIAMS' immediate superior, was the officer who preferred charges and placed him under arrest for "disobedience of orders." And reader, that disobedience did not consist in WILLIAMS' running off to Saltville "without orders" to meet BURRIDGE, for he did no such thing. WHEELER had ordered WILLIAMS to march to a certain point in Middle Tennessee, and he failed to obey the order, and for this he was put under arrest. And he did not rush to Saltville until he had been ordered there several times by Gen. JOHN C. BRANNAN, who commanded the Department of Southwest Virginia, in which the fight at Saltville occurred. And in this connection, we will state this historic fact: After WILLIAMS' tardy arrival—for if he had obeyed Gen. BRANNAN'S first order he would have arrived at least a day sooner, GILTNER'S little force having checked the advance of the enemy for three days—he was saved from disaster by the timely arrival of Gen. BRANNAN upon the field, who roused among the men and rallied and led them when they were on the point of being routed. The gallant boys, re-encouraged by this glorious chieftain's example, turned upon the enemy and converted threatened disaster into victory. It was while endeavoring to restrain the rash, impetuous of General BRANNAN, that Lieut. GUS. MAJOR, of Cynthiana, and other gallant souls threw themselves between their idolized leader and the enemy's bullets, and thus died the death of heroes to save him.

Immediately after the battle WILLIAMS was placed under arrest. He denied the contrary notwithstanding, and it was at his solicitation, and an act of supreme good-nature, that Gen. BRANNAN wrote the letter to the Richmond paper, WILLIAMS' is now parading as a tribute to himself. The letter published in the *Richmond Sentinel*, which failed to make WILLIAMS the hero of the fight, was written by the late CHAS. D. KIRK, ("So De Kay"), and put the credit of the fight exactly where it belonged. And it was after WILLIAMS was relieved of his command, and sent to Georgia, that he got up the "indignation" papers he is now parading, by representing that he was the victim of a conspiracy instigated by BRANNAN, who was jealous of him! Could impudence further go? Read the "indignation papers," read them carefully, and then point out where they disprove a single charge Col. JOHNSTON made against their author—for the most unreflexing reader can distinguish WILLIAMS' hand in them. But Gen. GILTNER has been forced to the front again, and this time he makes an exhaustive statement. It is backed up by Maj. HENRY T. STANTON, the gallant soldier and distinguished poet. We conclude our article by reproducing their statements, which we find appended to, Colonel JOHNSTON'S rejoinder to WILLIAMS' "Vindication," that appeared in the *Courier-Journal* of last Friday. No one who knows GILTNER and WILLIAMS will hesitate a moment in according credit to the statements of the former over those of the latter, and the testimony of Major STANTON, who was WILLIAMS' chief-of-staff, is certainly of more value than that of a hundred men who only write, "I did not see you drunk." Here are the statements. They but confirm the opinion we have frequently expressed of "The Hero," an opinion based upon a personal knowledge of the man running back for the half an ordinary lifetime.

Read them:

[To the Editor of the *Courier-Journal*.]
LOUISVILLE, KY., April 21, 1875.
Gen. John S. Williams, through a card, and by an exhibit of certificates in the *Courier-Journal* of April 17, has undertaken to relieve himself of the odium which attached to bad actions by contradicting some statements made by me in a letter to Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, dated March 11, concerning my association with him in the Confederate army, and particularly of an affair at Rhetown, in October, 1863.

While I cannot claim that my recollection is superior to his own, or that of any other comrade, upon matters of ordinary interest at a period now so far removed, I am free to say that the incidents of that disgraceful and terrible disaster are as fresh and strong in my memory as if they had transpired but yesterday; and however many and honorable may be the witnesses he brings to his defense, I will never yield the evidence of my own senses to the memory of any living man. The attitude in which I stood on that memorable occasion, as second in command to Gen. Williams, and the grave responsibility resting upon me for the lives of the men of a gallant army and the interests of a great cause, were amply sufficient to cause me to vote with great particularity every ditcher by which I was then surrounded, and with no malice toward Gen. Williams, and no desire to do ought but my

duty to truth. I gave Col. Johnson, at his request, a brief epitome of the events then transpiring.

I have no desire for controversy. I am not a politician, and I shrink at the notoriety which must attach to the free discussion of this affair; but having given my statement, and being assailed by Gen. Williams as a man of faulty memory, without papers, I am bound to appear in my own defense, and however disagreeable the duty, I shall try to give, in fuller detail, the circumstances of the defeat, rout and confusion at Rhetown.

It is not necessary to speak of the gallant fight at Blue Springs on the day before, or the crushing of Foster's superior force on the same morning, because there is no material division of opinion with regard to these engagements, and no conflict of memory or papers, but I will only treat of what occurred subsequently, and particularly at about 11 o'clock on the 11th of October, when Gen. Williams ordered the command into camp at the scene of the disaster.

The force consisted of two brigades of cavalry, in all not more than eighteen hundred men, under command of Col. J. E. Carter and myself, I being the highest in rank, and a brigade of infantry, numbering about four hundred men, under Gen. A. E. Jackson. The latter command, in the engagement at Henderson's mill, had been ordered off to the right to continue its retreat by a road running parallel with our line and separated from it by a distance of several miles; so that Rhetown we had nothing but the cavalry and two small batteries of artillery. The command, retreating from a superior force, was ordered to halt in a road, just behind the shadow of a range of mountains, which divided our line of retreat from that of the enemy's pursuit, on our left. We had frequently seen the enemy in the various gaps as we passed up, and almost as soon as we halted at this place, the battery of the enemy was discovered in a gap commanding the position. The attention of the whole army was drawn to it some time before it opened fire upon us, and I am sure Gen. Williams was informed of its existence, because I went to him myself and said: "Gen. Williams, the enemy are planting their artillery upon our left, and will fire upon us in a few moments." To which he replied: "Go and plant your artillery, by God." I said to him: "I have no artillery; you ordered it to the front this morning." And he answered: "I did not such a damned thing."

I discovered then that there was something wrong with him; but, as a soldier, I was then at the front, and he had ordered me to the left of the road in a small field. Besides this, from our position beneath the mountain it was utterly impossible for us to return the fire of the enemy, the guns requiring too great an elevation for safety, and every spot being perfectly commanded by the enemy's batteries. I left him hopefully and went back to my brigade. The men were all mounted in the middle of a road, I believe inclosed on both sides with a fence. I had hardly reached my command, when the enemy opened fire, and Capt. Henry Stanton, Gen. Williams' chief of staff, came to me and said: "Col. Giltner, when my command was brigaded under you, we were all highly delighted, perfectly satisfied both officers and men; but since our Rhetown troubles great dissatisfaction has existed. The command has lost confidence in you, and I wish to say to you from this time forth, so long as I am a member of your command, I shall totally disregard any order that you may give me without under the influence of whisky, unless such order is in conformity with my own judgment." He then denied being drunk; said he had taken but two drinks of whisky that morning. To which I replied, "I thought his words would be credit to his knowledge that he was drunk. That I he was not drunk he was not competent to have the lives of men intrusted to his judgment. While if his inefficiency was caused by drunkenness, that could be remedied by abstaining from liquor. This interview was temperate and without any unpleasantness, and Gen. Williams maintained that he was not drunk."

As a question of veracity I am perfectly willing to place my character in the scale with that of General Williams or any other man. I do not fear the truth in its effect upon me, and I regard it always best to speak plainly. I have not thought it necessary to accumulate papers, as Gen. Williams has done, upon this point, because I have no occasion to bolster my memory upon any point of this kind, or to sustain my assertion by documentary proof in any community where I am known.

The clearest witness for Gen. Williams and the man who ought to have known his condition as well or better than any other, is Dr. Basil C. Duke (not to be confounded with Dr. John M. Duke, or Gen. Basil W. Duke), his brigade surgeon, but, unfortunately for Gen. Williams, the character of Dr. Duke is such that among those who know him, his testimony in favor of General Williams is enough in itself to convict that gentleman.

I have addressed a letter to Major Henry T. Stanton, who was chief of staff under General Williams during these scenes, and append his reply.

STATEMENT OF MAJOR STANTON.

LOUISVILLE, April 21, 1875.
Colonel H. L. Giltner.
DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of this morning, I have to say my recollection is distinct as to the affair at Rhetown. I asked you to assume command because, as I stated to you plainly at the time, I knew General Williams to be incapacitated by intoxication, and was apprehensive of the trouble which ultimately ensued. I tried every way in my power to induce him to continue his retreat, but he would not listen to me, Col. Morris, Capt. Jenkins, or any member of his staff. I urged him to at least move from under the enemy's guns, but he would not do so, and ordered all the dispositions made for an encampment. The rest you know. I thought every officer in the command was familiar with this statement.

Very truly yours, H. T. STANTON.

LITCHFIELD boasts of a citizen by the name of TUBB. Whenever he steps on anything slippery and sits down to rest, the small boys begin to yell, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," and then TUBB rises up wrath, and the small boys lope off like frightened gazelles.

The Philadelphia Press says that it still trusts in God and the Radical party, which is equivalent to an acknowledgment that it trusts equally in God and the Devil.

the center as it withdrew, and after that to fight mounted men we could obtain no secure position. In a contest which, drawing me we were heavily attacked, and then ensued a perfect stampede of everything except the Fourth Kentucky regiment and a small battalion under Wheeler. The retreat was continued in great confusion for several miles, until we reached the edge of a plain, where we were successful in rallying a few men and forming those that were in order. We checked the advance of the enemy at this point, and the retreat from there on was successfully conducted, the men fighting in line and from their saddles.

At nightfall the enemy gave up the pursuit, and we were free to confine our retreat until after we went into camp at Devil's Ford, and in the vicinity of Leesburg.

I have thus undertaken to give a somewhat fuller detail of this disaster than that contained in the letter to Colonel Johnson, but I can give no account of the mortifying and disgraceful condition of affairs as it really existed. If the responsibility for it belongs to anybody, it belongs to General Williams. He was urged by all the officers by whom he was surrounded to abandon the idea of going into camp directly in the face and under the guns of the enemy. Capt. Jenkins, in his letter to Gen. Williams, makes a substantial statement to this effect, as far as he and Colonel Morris are concerned. Captain Stanton told me that he had urged the General to move on, and all the officers with whom I talked were astonished and alarmed at the condition of things—the terrible impetuosity of the army at that time. I give an extract from Capt. Jenkins' letter upon this point:

"Soon after you had indicated where you would make your headquarters, I took the liberty, without orders, to ride down to Col. Giltner's camp, and to inform him that Col. Morris and myself believed that we would be attacked in a little while, and we had endeavored to induce Gen. Williams to continue the retreat, and that I wanted him to come with me and see if he could not induce the General." Col. Giltner and myself were on our way to Gen. Williams' camp when the attack was made.

There is nothing to say about the many certificates gathered by Gen. Williams at the time charges were preferred against him, except that they astonish me beyond expression. I am sure many of the officers who sought to shield him from the action of a court-martial were impelled by kindness to give him these papers. Neither Col. Morris nor Capt. Jenkins, to whom Gen. Williams refers as having "completely overwhelmed and crushed my statement," has asserted that Gen. Williams was not drunk on that occasion, nor do I believe either of them would be willing to make an unequivocal assertion to that effect. I can not see how any man, officer or soldier, who participated in that affair can have failed to know of his condition.

A day or two after these events, when we were at Abingdon, I called to see the General with a view of settling our Rhetown troubles. I told him such was the object of my visit. He remarked, "I wish you to talk to me, not as Col. Giltner to Gen. Williams, but as Henry Giltner to John Williams, who are both Kentuckians and ought to be friends." I then said to him, "General, when my command was brigaded under you, we were all highly delighted, perfectly satisfied both officers and men; but since our Rhetown troubles great dissatisfaction has existed. The command has lost confidence in you, and I wish to say to you from this time forth, so long as I am a member of your command, I shall totally disregard any order that you may give me without under the influence of whisky, unless such order is in conformity with my own judgment." He then denied being drunk; said he had taken but two drinks of whisky that morning. To which I replied, "I thought his words would be credit to his knowledge that he was drunk. That I he was not drunk he was not competent to have the lives of men intrusted to his judgment. While if his inefficiency was caused by drunkenness, that could be remedied by abstaining from liquor. This interview was temperate and without any unpleasantness, and Gen. Williams maintained that he was not drunk."

As a question of veracity I am perfectly willing to place my character in the scale with that of General Williams or any other man. I do not fear the truth in its effect upon me, and I regard it always best to speak plainly. I have not thought it necessary to accumulate papers, as Gen. Williams has done, upon this point, because I have no occasion to bolster my memory upon any point of this kind, or to sustain my assertion by documentary proof in any community where I am known.

The clearest witness for Gen. Williams and the man who ought to have known his condition as well or better than any other, is Dr. Basil C. Duke (not to be confounded with Dr. John M. Duke, or Gen. Basil W. Duke), his brigade surgeon, but, unfortunately for Gen. Williams, the character of Dr. Duke is such that among those who know him, his testimony in favor of General Williams is enough in itself to convict that gentleman.

STATEMENT OF MAJOR STANTON.

LOUISVILLE, April 21, 1875.
Colonel H. L. Giltner.
DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of this morning, I have to say my recollection is distinct as to the affair at Rhetown. I asked you to assume command because, as I stated to you plainly at the time, I knew General Williams to be incapacitated by intoxication, and was apprehensive of the trouble which ultimately ensued. I tried every way in my power to induce him to continue his retreat, but he would not listen to me, Col. Morris, Capt. Jenkins, or any member of his staff. I urged him to at least move from under the enemy's guns, but he would not do so, and ordered all the dispositions made for an encampment. The rest you know. I thought every officer in the command was familiar with this statement.

Very truly yours, H. T. STANTON.

LITCHFIELD boasts of a citizen by the name of TUBB. Whenever he steps on anything slippery and sits down to rest, the small boys begin to yell, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," and then TUBB rises up wrath, and the small boys lope off like frightened gazelles.

The Philadelphia Press says that it still trusts in God and the Radical party, which is equivalent to an acknowledgment that it trusts equally in God and the Devil.

WHERE RESISTANCE BEGAN.

The people of Lexington and Concord, Mass., may attribute to their towns the honor of being the scene of the first conflict of the American revolution, but history, as we understand it, does not bear them out in celebrating the 19th day of April, 1875, as the centennial of that event. The first armed conflict between British regular soldiers and armed colonists in a body, occurred in North Carolina on the 16th of May, 1771, at Alamance creek, in Alamance county, in this way: The governor of the colony, TRYON, built for himself a magnificent mansion, costing some \$75,000, to pay for which luxury he assessed a tax on the people. They resisted the payment of this levy, and formed a military organization to prevent its collection. These colonists in force were assembled at Alamance creek, and a force of British regulars were sent to disperse them, which they did successfully, killing and wounding a hundred or more of the brave men who were willing to lay down their lives in the purpose to successfully resist this early encroachment on their rights. Had our brethren of the "old North State" shown as much persistency as their Northern neighbors, who the other day engaged in a magnificent celebration, the opening of the grand ball of the revolution would have been commemorated four years since. These facts can be verified by an examination of "Williams' History of North Carolina."

REV. WINFIELD SCOTT, of Denver, is another clergyman on the rugged edge of a domestic infamy. The true inwardness of Oliver Wozzworth's wife brought him to grief, and nothing short of \$10,000 will patch the rent in Oliver's honor.

The guileless public is now threatened with a true inwardness novel, in which the Plymouth Parson and Tuxford's wife will enact their guilty loves to the ruin of all morals. When the agent comes around with the nasty book, "shoot him on the spot."

In his Russellville circular old Sorcerer claims that he never was intoxicated beverages. ANANIAS was knocked into a cocked hat on less provocation.

EVERY to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

WM. F. GREGORY.

(County Judge.)

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HARTFORD, KY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the courthouse.

JAMES B. POOLE, W. S. AUBREY, Hartsville, Ky., Owensboro, Ky.

J. B. & SWEENEY.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HARTFORD, KY.

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J. F. MORGAN, C. C. WEDDING.

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AT THE PRICE OF
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Job work of every description done with
promptness and dispatch. We have
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage
of the business community.

Railroad Time Table.

The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville, daily except Sunday at 8:30 a. m. and arrives at

Horse Branch at	1:55 p. m.
Rosine at	2:15
Elm Lick at	2:30
Beaver Dam at	2:40
Hamilton at	2:50
Rockport at	3:00
Arriving at Paducah at	3:58

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. and arrives at

Rockport at	8:45 a. m.
Hamilton at	9:00
Beaver Dam at	9:10
Elm Lick at	9:25
Rosine at	9:40
Horse Branch at	10:00
Arriving at Louisville at	10:45

Hartford is connected with the railroad at Beaver Dam by stage that leaves at 7:30 a. m. and arrives at Hartford at 8:30 a. m. The stage connects with the railroad at Beaver Dam, and with Evansville, Henderson and Nashville at Nashville.

D. F. Whitcomb, Superintendent.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1875.
JNO. P. BARRETT, Local Editor.

Temperance Speaking.

The Local Option Committee of this county have made the following appointments for public speaking by Hon. Geo. W. Ray, of Owensboro, and Wallace Gracie, of Hartford, Wednesday, April 28, 1875, at 7:30 p. m., at the Court House, Hartford, Ky.

Speaking at each point will commence promptly at early candle-lighting.

If you want to hear something that will do you good, go and hear Bain Friday night.

Attention, Beaver Dam.

Hartford challenges you to a spelling match. Come in Saturday night—if you have nerve enough.

We have received a copy of the list of Messrs. Walker and Hubbard, attorneys at law, in the suit of J. H. Miller et al. vs. G. M. Bibb et al., pending in the Court of Appeals, and known as the "Lottery Ticket Suit." The brief is brim-full of logic and reason.

Quarterly Court.

Quarterly court closed last Monday evening, after a session of seven days. The docket was a large one, and a good many suits were disposed of. Judge Gregory's docket has been full ever since he has been upon the bench.

The Guiding Star.

The Guiding Star, edited by that talented and accomplished young lady, Miss Lelia Addington, will be read before the Hartford Lodge of Good Templars on tomorrow night. All Good Templars are invited to be present, and no doubt, but a rich treat is in store for those who attend.

Don't forget that Hon. George W. Ray, of Owensboro, will speak at the courthouse to-night.

You won't regret going to hear him.

Marriage Licenses.

The following were the only marriage licenses issued for the week ending April 24, 1875:

James Jewell and Miss Mahala Howard. Amos M. Miller and Miss Harriet E. Hocker. A. J. Kinkade and Miss Catherine J. Duke.

Dr. H. Baldwin, Dentist, of Elizabeth, Ky., has been in our town recently, practicing his profession. He will return on the 10th of May, and remain some days here, and, so, if you have any dental work, go and see him.

What is it?

We have in our office a curiosity found in the Rensselaer Co. and handed us by Mrs. R. S. Moseley. It seems like a jaw-bone of something, though the substance looks a little like some kind of stone. It is flat on one side and oval on the other, and the flat side is almost a semi-circle in shape, and is set full of teeth, varying in size from the head of a pin to that of a four-penny nail. The substance is about one inch across the flat side, the long way, and about half an inch the other, and is half an inch thick.

Temperance Speaking To-Night.

It has been arranged between Messrs. Ray and Gracie that the former is to occupy the entire time to-night. Mr. Gracie agreeing to fill the remainder of the appointments in the county. Mr. Ray is an earnest, entertaining and logical speaker, and makes one of the most exhaustive arguments we have ever listened to. He always addresses the reason of his hearers, and retains their undivided attention from first to last. We can promise our readers a rich intellectual feast to-night, and urge upon our citizens to turn out en masse to hear the distinguished gentleman.

Save yourself for Friday night. Bain is coming.

Remember, Bain speaks at the courthouse Friday night.

At the spelling match the other night, Mr. F. P. Morgan spelled Andrew Jackson in this way: "Adri Jackson." When?

We are authorized to announce B. P. Berryman as candidate for Police Judge. Election Saturday, July 31, 1875.

The most foolish thing we ever knew any one guilty of, was John Smith's attempt to tan a dog's skin with its own bark.

Born.

April 20, 1875, near Charleston, Miss. To Mrs. T. E. Badger (formerly Miss T. E. Bonner, of this place), wife of Bolling Badger, a son—L. Arpon. We hope our little nephew will grow up to be a useful, sensible man and ultimately reach a prominent position in the world like his uncle, viz: Local and "devil" for a country newspaper.

Speaking Friday Night.

Don't forget that George W. Bain, the Gough of Kentucky, will address the public at the courthouse next Friday night. He is too well known to our people as a speaker to require more than an announcement that he will be here.

Passengers going east on the L. & P. S. W. R. R. do well to remember that the train stops for dinner at Big City.

Ample time is given to enjoy a good meal, and mine host, Sam Goodman, will give you a dinner equal in every respect to any dinner you ever got at a first-class hotel, and will only charge you fifty cents for it. Don't take our word for this, but try it and see how it is yourself.

Real Estate Transfers.

Real estate transfers lodged for record during the week ending April 24th 1875:

Thos. B. Millkitt to Stephen A. Midkiff, one-fifth of 158 acres of land on Wolf Pen Run, \$200.00.

W. R. Griffith's exrs. to James Metcalf, 147 acres of land on Rough Creek, \$300.00.

W. E. Forsythe to A. K. Leach, 2 lots in Cromwell, \$700.00.

T. W. Taylor and others to Mrs. Martha Hope, tract of land in district No. 2, \$100.00.

Miss Chapman, exrs. to Miss Smith, to Henry D. McHenry, \$315.13.

Another Old Citizen Gone.

Mr. Brooks Austin was born in the State of Maryland, on the 27th day of January, 1791, and was married to Miss Rachel Buntin in 1815, moved to this State in 1817, and settled near Hartford, where he raised a large family of children, some of whom are citizens of our county now. His good wife died a short time back, and on the 21st instant Uncle Brooks' spirit took its departure for another world. He was an industrious, hard-working man, and made a good citizen. He was one of the oldest men in the county.

Almost an Escape From Jail.

Yesterday Jailer E. L. Wise placed the prisoner Stratton in the cell, as he had behaved well of late, and while Mr. Wise was down town, Stratton broke through the door into the hall, and was about getting through the trap door over the stairway, when Mrs. Wise discovered him, and gathered a pistol and ordered him back, or she would give him the contents. She stood guard and kept him in until a little negro girl ran down town and gave the alarm. A great many voters last summer supported Lum, because they could not vote for his wife, and that was the nearest they could come to it, and it seems they did not over-estimate her worth, for she has proven herself a game, plucky little woman.

Wallace Gracie spoke at Beaver Dam last night. Mr. Ray being too unwell to make a speech.

The Rensselaer Scandal.

It appears that our correspondent at Spring Lick has "got into hot water" in consequence of a sub-headline we injected into his letter of last week. He used no names. We supplied the name ourselves, and we did it for the reason that the occurrence was already of wide notoriety, the names of the parties having been published in the Louisville Ledger several weeks ago, coupled with the information that Mr. J. C. Rensselaer, the wronged husband, had visited Leitchfield for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps for a divorce from his erring wife. The details of the affair were also published, and everybody in Ohio and Grayson counties know who the parties were, and nothing was to be gained by concealment. No detection of a dishonorable nature can be attached to the unfortunate husband; but, on the contrary, he deserves and receives the sympathy of every right-thinking man and woman. The use of his name was our own act. It was not used in a manner disrespectful to him. And any other Rensselaer has no right to complain. It is simply none of his business. He is not concerned. None of the ones of the bad woman's conduct can attach to any one but herself, and we consider that her husband is a lucky man in getting rid of her. And if any one has a right to complain in the premises, he is the man, and not an outsider. Those who have taken our correspondent to task have simply been guilty of gratuitous and needless impertinence. It may as well be understood first as last that we edit our paper and do it in our own way; that we make whatever changes we deem necessary in our news correspondence, and that in no case do we delegate the responsibility for anything that appears in our paper to other parties. When any one feels aggrieved, let him come right to headquarters with his complaint, and if he has been wronged we will make all necessary reparation.

Local Option.

A strong fight is being made in the lower town district on the local option question, which will be submitted to the voters next Saturday. Public speaking are announced at different points in the district up to Friday night. The friends of the measure are sanguine of success, and the opponents are working silently, but like beavers. Too much confidence in victory often secures only defeat, and we would urge upon our option friends the necessity of incessant work up to the minute the polls are closed. They have a powerful and scrupulous enemy to contend with, and nothing energy and sleepless vigilance are the only weapons upon which we can put our dependence.

Rockport Police Court.

Evan Williams sued Green B. Robertson for a one-eyed sheep, before the "Big Judge," at Rockport. The sheep died pending the suit, and it was in proof that such sheep were worth at least fifty cents a dozen. The animal's existence was proven up as far back as nine years, at which time he was then an old member of the Sacred Brotherhood of Rams. Verdict for the defendant. Cost, fifteen dollars. This is the way to have fun, when money is plentiful, like it is now. How long, oh Lord! how long will people act thus? The Grangers ought to get hold of these men, and teach them to settle their little affairs without going to law. Williams donated some of his hard earnings to Rock and Robertson contributed a little for the support of the families of Hubbard and Townsend.

The Spelling School.

The spelling mania, which has at last reached us, culminated in a grand spelling match on last Friday evening. The exercises opened, as usual, with all manner of resolutions, and it seemed for a while as if the meeting was a resolving school instead of a spelling school, but the chairman, Prof. Haynes, at length brought order out of chaos by appointing Misses Lelia Addington and Nettie Miller as captains of the respective sides. Messrs. McHenry, Hill, and others, enlisting under the waving plume of Miss Miller, while Messrs. Ray, Smith, Miss Houston, and others, rallied to the neutral trial banner of Miss Addington.

Mr. Fogie, knowing that he could write better than he could spell, contented himself with being Secretary, while Mr. Morgan and Dr. Griffin took charge of the Dictionaries.

Mr. Tom Taylor fell easily in the fight under the fire of "sapphire." Our friend Henry Williams came in with the final letter in "column," and at last fell out altogether, attempting to play the hostful character of "Braggadocio" in Spencer's Fairy Queen. Henry went to spelling school at Louisville and drinks "snyder" instead of cider. Miss Kate Radwick only added to the loveliness of her bright eyes, by furnishing him to "prepare." That article of dress called a "pannier" not having reached Hartford, Miss Gerty Houston of course failed to identify it with the brand-basket of the Spanish muleteer. Not being lawyers, McHenry and Hubbard went out of court on a denunciation to the word "restitution." Miss Mahan met with the same misfortune, but it was discovered in time to prevent her that the spelling book was wrong, when the lawyers applied for a new trial, and insisted that there were four s's in the word. Hill's behavior was a good spealer. Ned Pendleton was green about "gangrene." Miss Gentry looked rather like the color in getting too many perpendicular letters in "vermillion." The School Commissioner's "pavilion" resulted in his putting up more poles than the canvas would stand. Miss Addington at last yielded to "modellion," and Miss Miller, whose side was victorious, gave up on "cartouch." The audience was convulsed with merriment when the Sheriff tried to spell matrimony—"in-a-t, with a mat, t-ry with a try, with a mat-try." "Try Miss Lum," some one suggested. "Tom" said he would, and when last heard from was dead in earnest, going down stairs saying, "Try—with a try." The entertainment was a success, and will be repeated next Saturday evening, when everybody is invited. Free to all.

FROM BUFORD.

Buford, Ky., April 27, 1875.

Time produces changes, as we all can verify. In my last, I spoke of the brilliant and abundant prospect for a fine fruit crop, but the protracted cold weather infringing upon the beneficent benefits of spring, has brought about quite a different state of things in that particular, and anticipated enjoyments for the coming summer in "fruit feasts" have been almost entirely blighted, as the peach and early apples are about all killed, only a moiety having escaped the effects—for this season—of the severe freeze, notwithstanding the maxim that fruit is never injured in the "light of the moon," especially if it blooms at that phase of that luminary. But I suppose that those who believe in her influence upon the productions of nature will bring in the plea that there are exceptions to all general rules.

THE TOBACCO PLANTS.

Too, have been considerably injured—more so in those beds that were not sown in the woods—though the farmers think that if the plants are not otherwise affected there will be a sufficiency for a tobacco crop. And many of them are of the opinion that if there should only be a half crop raised, that there would be more benefit reaped from it than from a full crop. Still they all are striving to do as much as possible to produce a "high crop," and many to the neglect of cereals, which is certainly a great mistake, for the benefit effects of such farming is greatly perceptible throughout this and many other tobacco-growing sections. Such as finger-crippled lands, badly improved farms, and where the tobacco crop fails many families are left in straitened circumstances, that being their chief dependence for clothing and food. A reform in that kind of farming seems to me greatly advisable.

BEAVER DAM ITEMS.

BEAVER DAM, KY., April 27.

Business has not been as good for the past few days as we would like, but still we are content.

STAVES AND TAX-BARK.

Messrs. Barnes & Taylor shipped several car-loads of first-class staves last week, and have many yet to follow.

Messrs. Sandels & Barber have a large number of men employed in getting out bark, which will be ready for shipment in a short time.

RETURNED HOME.

Mr. O. M. Barber returned a few days since, he having been rusticated in the Nelson county hills for several weeks. He is looking much better than when he left.

GOOD WORK OF THE GRANGERS.

It is surprising to see the good effect the Grangers have had upon our farmers. They have all gained large tracts of land, and are now turning the soil preparatory to planting a large crop of corn.

THE LOST MERCHANT AGAIN.

We were glad to see such an interesting account of our lost merchant's trip to the west. I wonder why he didn't tell us how the crops were looking about Caneyville. It seems to me that if I had assumed forty-eight hours in making inquiries, I could have given a very glowing description. It may be however, he forgot about such things, and devoted his time to other matters, as he is naturally forgetful.

While out driving with the charming Miss T. of Hartford, Sunday afternoon, he directed his course towards this place, which he reached about sunset, called a boy to attend to his horse, and was about assisting the young lady from the buggy, when she remarked to him that she recalled in Hartford. This calling him to his senses, he quickly took his seat and started at lightning speed for the home of his fair friend. He says he doesn't know what was bothering him, whether it was reminiscences of by-gone days, or the thoughts of a blissful future.

A FINE CROCK AGAIN.

Our crockery yards have been opened and the ladies and gentlemen seem to be perfectly happy engaged in the innocent amusement.

ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Only one accident on the railroad last week that I know of. Six freight cars were thrown from the track at Carroll's switch; some damage to cars; no personal injury. Juno.

FROM CANEYVILLE.

CANEYVILLE, KY., April 27.

A great deal of fear and anxiety is being entertained by the advocates of whiskey in this community, as it is highly probable that Local Option will carry here at the May election. The most prominent citizens of the town and vicinity have awakened (at last) to a sense of duty, and, fully convinced of the evil and degradation caused by the deadly and seductive influence of the vile monster, intemperance, are working with a vim to banish it from our midst. Never before was such excitement known at this place over a May election. There are eight aspirants for Justice of the Peace, and seven for Constable, and all seem to be sanguine of success.

A FREIGHT TRAIN WRECKED.

Seven cars of the East-bound freight train were wrecked half a mile west of Spring Lick on Thursday last. They were loaded with tan-bark, lumber, &c. A great deal of damage was done, but no person hurt.

GOOD TEMPLARS CONVENTION.

The Grayson County Good Templars Convention meets at this place on Saturday, May 8, on which occasion Geo. W. Bain, the great Temperance Orator, will deliver a public lecture, and Miss Jennie Tilford will read a Welcome Address. A good time is anticipated, and we hope that every lodge in the county will be fully represented.

DEATH OF MRS. SALLIE A. GRAY.

The long expected death of Mrs. Sallie Ann Gray occurred at her residence near this place on the morning of the 16th inst. She had suffered for many months with consumption, but now her pains are ended. Weep not, dear friends, but comfort yourselves with the belief that your loss is her eternal gain.

EFFECTS OF THE COLD SNAP.

The recent cold spell killed all the peaches of this community, and it is the opinion of many that the young tobacco plants that were frozen will not appear any more, and several of our farmers are sowing new tobacco beds.

FALSE FRONTED YOUTHS.

The last few days, we are sorry to say, have proven to be a great disadvantage and drawback to certain young men of this place, who wear false shirt fronts and colored shirts, but they must "keep their coats on," or reveal their hypocrisy.

THE LOST MERCHANT OF BEAVER DAM.

We notice in the two last issues of the HERALD that a widower, merchant of Beaver Dam has been the subject of some little gossip. From the limited information that we have had the good luck to secure concerning him, he is very easy to get lost while roaming about. And we do not desire to expose his place of retreat where he gets (so called) lost, but he can

le throughout this and many other tobacco-growing sections.

Such as finger-crippled lands, badly improved farms, and where the tobacco crop fails many families are left in straitened circumstances, that being their chief dependence for clothing and food. A reform in that kind of farming seems to me greatly advisable.

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Our crockery yards have been opened and the ladies and gentlemen seem to be perfectly happy engaged in the innocent amusement.

ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Only one accident on the railroad last week that I know of. Six freight cars were thrown from the track at Carroll's switch; some damage to cars; no personal injury. Juno.

FROM CANEYVILLE.

CANEYVILLE, KY., April 27.

A great deal of fear and anxiety is being entertained by the advocates of whiskey in this community, as it is highly probable that Local Option will carry here at the May election. The most prominent citizens of the town and vicinity have awakened (at last) to a sense of duty, and, fully convinced of the evil and degradation caused by the deadly and seductive influence of the vile monster, intemperance, are working with a vim to banish it from our midst. Never before was such excitement known at this place over a May election. There are eight aspirants for Justice of the Peace, and seven for Constable, and all seem to be sanguine of success.

A FREIGHT TRAIN WRECKED.

Seven cars of the East-bound freight train were wrecked half a mile west of Spring Lick on Thursday last. They were loaded with tan-bark, lumber, &c. A great deal of damage was done, but no person hurt.

GOOD TEMPLARS CONVENTION.

The Grayson County Good Templars Convention meets at this place on Saturday, May 8, on which occasion Geo. W. Bain, the great Temperance Orator, will deliver a public lecture, and Miss Jennie Tilford will read a Welcome Address. A good time is anticipated, and we hope that every lodge in the county will be fully represented.

DEATH OF MRS. SALLIE A. GRAY.

The long expected death of Mrs. Sallie Ann Gray occurred at her residence near this place on the morning of the 16th inst. She had suffered for many months with consumption, but now her pains are ended. Weep not, dear friends, but comfort yourselves with the belief that your loss is her eternal gain.

EFFECTS OF THE COLD SNAP.

The recent cold spell killed all the peaches of this community, and it is the opinion of many that the young tobacco plants that were frozen will not appear any more, and several of our farmers are sowing new tobacco beds.

FALSE FRONTED YOUTHS.

The last few days, we are sorry to say, have proven to be a great disadvantage and drawback to certain young men of this place, who wear false shirt fronts and colored shirts, but they must "keep their coats on," or reveal their hypocrisy.

THE LOST MERCHANT OF BEAVER DAM.

We notice in the two last issues of the HERALD that a widower, merchant of Beaver Dam has been the subject of some little gossip. From the limited information that we have had the good luck to secure concerning him, he is very easy to get lost while roaming about. And we do not desire to expose his place of retreat where he gets (so called) lost, but he can

invariably be seen at this place every few days, with one of Caneyville's latest on his arm.

He is several years our senior, nevertheless we would advise him for the safety of his bride to stay at home, as several of the boys of this place have sworn vengeance on him if they discover him in this place any more. J. T. N.

Messrs. Ray and Gracie addressed a packed house at Hamilton Monday night.

Cancer and Sore Eyes Cured.

Those afflicted with Sore Eyes or Cancer would do well to call on

D. L. GREGORY.

Todd's Point, Ky., who has been very successful in the treatment of these diseases. He can cure any cancer on the surface, if taken in time. He treats upon the system of the cure no pay. Give him a trial.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

Mrs. Haynes and Miss Belle Suttenger would respectfully announce to the ladies of Hartford and Ohio county, that they have just opened a

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING establishment on the east-side of the courthouse in Mrs. Wallace's old stand, and solicit a share of their custom. Bonnets and Hats made, trimmed and repaired. Trimming of all kinds always on hand. The latest fashions, the best materials, and the lowest prices.

Gents' Neckties and Collars. And a full line of notions. We will not permit ourselves to be undersold. Call and examine stock and prices.

New Goods! New Goods!

FOR

L. ROSENBERG & BRO.

Mammoth

SPRING AND SUMMER

STOCK!

Every department in our stock is full and our prices are down to the

Lowest Notch!

We are confident that no other house will do as well by us as we. We respectfully solicit an examination of our

GOODS AND PRICES

before making your spring purchases, believing that it will pay you to do so. Yours truly

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.

HARTFORD, KY.

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals.

Five Toilet Soaps, Fancy Hair and Tooth-Brushes, Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

Garden Seed.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs.

Letter-paper, Pens, Ink, Envelopes, Glass Putty, Carbon Oil, Lamps and Oil-burners. Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

J. F. COLLINS.

HARTFORD, KY.

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, &c., &c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Bought at

The Highest Market Price.

Remember the place, west side public square opposite the court house, Hartford, Ky. nol ly.

E. F. STROTHER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Will practice in all the courts of Ohio county and the circuits courts of adjoining counties. OFFICE up stairs over J. W. Lewis' old stand. nol ly.

JOHN O'LAHERTY.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HARTFORD, KY.

Collections Promptly Attended to. Office on Market street, over Messrs. J. A. Thomas & Co. jan29 ly.

JAS. A. THOMAS & CO.

THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

Profit in Cows.

There are but few farmers who fully realize the true value of a good cow well kept. As a general practice three cows do not produce as much milk, butter or cheese as one would if treated rightly and properly. No account is kept of the amount of milk or butter produced by each cow in the year. The farmer who has his cows in the same situation as he is with the balance of his farm. He keeps no account and knows nothing about his business. Two hundred and fifty pounds of butter per cow per year is not a large yield, yet there are more than do not produce more than half that amount. There is no poorer policy than starving and freeing a milk cow. There can be no more improvement in any branch of agriculture than half starving and exposing to the storms of winter the cow that is expected to furnish the family with milk, butter and groceries. We have seen this spring from three to five cows staggering about straw stacks of farmers, which will require nearly all the summer to repair wasted nature, without supplying any of the rich, nutritious milk which only comes from a healthy, well-fed cow. Such a farmer should keep a less number or provide better shelter and more rich food. One cow well provided for is better than three starved ones. One will furnish more milk. Children should never be fed on milk drawn from a poor cow, reduced to the bare possibility of sustaining vitality. It is cruelty to animals to thus treat them, and it is murder to the innocent children to feed them on such food. The profit, the morality and the respectability of it require that a man who keeps cows should provide better than is done in most cases in cold climates. A man that would cheat his poor old cow, which has thus far raised his children, should be considered respectable in no society. There may be cases where drought, flood or devouring insects have rendered it impossible to provide bountifully for all the animals on the farm, but in such cases the owner should not be compelled to see the poor old cow shaking her horns at him in his night dreams. We plead for the cow, and if three or five cannot be provided for, sell off, and one well fed will provide more than the three or five.

How Farming Implements are Neglected.

I have just come in from a walk, disgusted with the slipshod manner in which some of my fellow-farmers will persist in carrying on their business. Here is one of my neighbors—a tip-top good man, kind to a fault, indulgent to his family, thoughtful for his hired help—in short, a man whose opinion upon matters of benevolence and Christian charity I respect highly. Still that man has no sort of feelings for inanimate things and his wholehearted neglect for their care is worse than a hole in his right hand pants pocket. His wagon has been out all winter, and stands now exposed to the changeable weather of spring—the worst sort of weather to try the constitution of a wagon as well as man and beast. The plow stands in the last furrow where it was left in November. A stone-boat lays by the barn-yard gate flat on the ground, and a single wagon, harrow, cultivators, horse-rake and numerous hand tools are scattered about promiscuously, fully exposed to rain and sunshine. A low estimate of loss from this want of care is 7 per cent. of the investment. Look at the figures:

Double wagon.....	\$80.00
Single wagon.....	60.00
Plow.....	12.00
Harrow.....	15.00
Wheel cultivator.....	35.00
Stone-boat.....	6.00
Revolving-rake.....	6.00
Hand tools.....	45.00
Total value.....	\$259.00
Seven per cent., or loss.....	18.13

Suppose my friend had built a shed last fall, and the cost would have been about as follows:

One thousand feet common lumber.....	\$10.00
Scantling.....	1.00
Posts and nails.....	2.00
Labor.....	4.00
Total cost.....	\$17.00

Here is a margin of \$113, beside the inventory of the shed, which certainly would be good for ten years more. Economy of material is something to look after as well as economy of time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CARE OF TABLE KNIVES.—Table knives should be thoroughly cleaned or polished at least once a day, and the best time, perhaps, is after dinner, as then the morning's work is finished, or should be, and more time may be given; and secondly, if circumstances have not allowed getting a second or tea set these will be in good condition always when company comes.

The best material for scouring that I have found is soft brick, such as may be purchased at the stores, used with a flannel rag and a little soft soap if the blades are in a bad condition. A small potato with one end cut off is good for this purpose, as it furnishes sufficient moisture and the juice assists in removing stains.

Where the knives have got rusty by neglect, rub the blades over thoroughly with sweet oil; allow this to remain as long as possible, a day or so at least, then rub the steel with finely-powdered unslaked lime or pumice-stone. To keep them from rusting when not in daily use dry them thoroughly and roll up in a flannel cloth and keep it in a dry place.—*Household.*

The Kitchen Garden.

No time should be lost in preparing the soil as soon as it is thoroughly settled and friable. It is absolutely necessary; in order to insure a good crop, that peas, lettuce, radish, spinach, turnips and onions should be sown just as early in the spring as the ground will admit. This spring especially so, since it is late. In sowing peas, sow early, medium, and late sorts, all at one time. In this way, get a succession, and have each early. Daniel O'Rourke, although old, is still one of the best early peas; and Champion of England, the very best medium early pea. For late peas, and for the general crop, the large Marrowfat is hardly as good as any.

One of the mistakes made by kitchen gardeners is in supposing that beets and carrots must not be sown until about corn-planting time, and that dwarf peas must not be planted until about the 1st of June. As to beets and carrots, those wanted for the early crop should be sown as soon as lettuce and radish if possible. Thus you may get nice roots for the table in June. The early blood turnip beet is a good one, and the French short-horn carrot is the best early carrot.

There are few better greens than beet tops, and in thinning the crop always save them. They will come in immediately after spinach is gone. Therefore sow thickly; you are sure of a good stand, and those thinned out are good for the pot. The same rule will apply to all garden seeds; sow thick and thin quick is a good rule. You must weed at any rate, and while weeding it is but little more trouble to thin the plants than simply to weed them.

Salsify, or "vegetable oysters," is another root that should be cultivated in every garden. They are not much like oysters, it is true, even in flavor, but they make a very nice dish, cooked in any of the simple ways usual. They require rich soil and the whole season to grow in, and in a dry soil will stand all winter without covering. Most people leave them in the ground during the winter, but it is better to dig them in the fall and pack them in sand in the cellar. Thus you may have them in their proper season, the winter. A few may be left in the ground to be dug in the spring; if so, after thoroughly being frozen, they should be thickly covered with mulch, and uncovered to thaw in the spring as you want them. The same rule will apply to parsnips. Sow salsify as early as possible. The earlier sown, the better the crop, usually.

For winter use, carrots and beets should not be sown until about the 1st of June, and even the last will often give a good crop. They do not make such large roots, it is true, but large enough for culinary use. You want them tender and succulent, and thus you may have them so. Long dark beet roots and orange carrots are best.

Parsnips should be sown about the 1st to the middle of May. They want the whole season to grow in. The hollow-crowned variety is smooth, long and excellent. Swedish turnips will give good crop soon the last of May. If you sow a month later, very likely they will either be eaten by the fly or else be burned up, or both, before they get root. With flat turnips for winter use, you must take your chances. Sow the latter part of July, and continue to sow at intervals until the middle of August.

We all like beans, but it is not every one who "knows beans." Don't wait too long before you plant bush beans for the first crop. Plant some as early as the ground is in condition, or about the time you would plant your first crop of corn. Suppose the frost does kill the first planting of beans; suppose the frost nips your first planting of corn; you are then as ready to replant as your wait-while neighbors. If it does not, you are ahead. The mere planting is not much, and the second costs but little. The frost will not kill more than one year out of three.

Driving Fence Posts.

A neighbor told me how to make a board fence rapidly and cheaply last year. He and his hired man went to the field where the fence posts, with ends slightly sharpened, were lying along the line of the proposed fence. One man stood on a platform two and a half feet high, and with a heavy mallet drove the posts as the other held them in position. Eighty posts were thus put down three feet deep one afternoon. The ground was free from large stones, and the time selected was just after the frost had left the ground in the spring. The posts were white oak, and did not split by being driven. The ground was so soft that severe pounding was not necessary, and doubtless softer wood might have been used. The fence stood firmer than where holes had been dug and the posts regularly set.

It is possible this method could be adopted on soils where there are stones by working a crow-bar down through the soft earth to the required depth, shoving aside the stones before the post is driven down. Two stakes driven down side by side, with room for rails between, and wired at the top, make an excellent and cheap temporary fence; and a post driven or set three feet, with a stake beside it and wired to it to hold the rails, make a fence both cheap and durable; by driving the stake into the ground twelve or fifteen inches. Only one wire will be needed, and that at or near the top.

Such a fence takes little room, and by using old rails need cost but little money. It is less liable to sag than the ordinary board-fence made in the usual way.—*Cor. New York Times.*

Commissioner Watts of the National Department of Agriculture, declined an application by a Tennessee Grange for seeds, stating that "the rules of the department prohibit the employment of any secret society for the purpose of distribution."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CREAM PIE.—Bake your pastry, take thick, sweet cream, beat to a stiff froth, sweeten, and flavor if desired; pour on the crust, cut thin slices of apple jelly and place over the cream in the pie. It is then ready for use.

SAVORY DISH.—Melt a quarter of a pound of good cheese in the oven; when sufficiently melted, add one egg and a wine-glass of milk, beat together till it resembles a custard. Bake in a hot oven a light brown.

TO MAKE GINGER LOAF.—To four pounds of dough add one pound of raw sugar, half a pound of butter, one ounce and a half of caraway seeds, one ounce and a half of ground ginger. Bake in the usual way. It very much resembles Scotch hot cross buns. It makes a very nice cake, either for tea or lunch.

CASTLE PUDDING.—Two eggs, one quarter pound of sugar, one quarter pound of butter, one quarter pound of flour; beat butter to a cream, and sugar finely powdered, then add eggs and flour. Bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and in small cups; when done, turn on a flat dish and cover with thick white sauce flavored with wine or essence.

CRACKERS.—Butter, one cup; salt, one teaspoonful; flour, two quarts—rub thoroughly together with the hand, and wet through with cold water; beat well in flour to make brittle and hard; then pinch off pieces and roll out each cracker by itself, if you wish them to resemble "bakers' crackers." Sugar Crackers: Flour, four pounds; loaf sugar and butter, of each, half a pound; water, one pint and a half; make as above.

APPLES IN IMITATION OF GINGER.—To three pounds of very hard apples, take two pounds of loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pound of best white ginger. Put these in layers (having first sliced the apples in eight pieces and cored them) alternately in a wide-mouthed jar. Next day infuse an ounce of white ginger, well bruised, in about a pint of boiling water; let it stand till the next day. Then put in the apples that have been two days in the ginger. Simmer slowly until the apples look clear. Take great care not to break the pieces.

HINTS ON TEA MAKING.—If the tea is desired to be of good flavor, be careful not to make it in a tea-pot which has been long out of use without having previously washed it out with boiling water. This is done to remove any slight moldiness which may be present in the vessel without being observed, and which would impart a disagreeable taste to the tea when made. Always keep the tea in a proper canister, protected from the atmosphere and damp, otherwise it will lose the pleasant scent peculiar to good tea, and when used give the beverage an unpleasant flavor. In making tea always fill up the tea-pot at once. By this means the whole of the tea—which is the vegetable principle on which the peculiar effects produced by tea depends—is extracted at once. This will be found much superior to the plan sometimes adopted of wetting the tea with a small quantity of water, and then allow it to stand before filling the tea-pot. For the purpose of extracting the whole of the tea, the water should be allowed to remain in the tea for at least ten minutes before pouring it out. Be also careful that the water employed for making tea is boiling before filling the tea-pot, otherwise the whole of the tea will not be extracted by the fluid, and the tea employed would not go as far as it otherwise would.

FRECKLES.—A simple remedy for removing freckles is a pint of sour milk and a small quantity of horse-radish. Let the mixture stand over night and use it as a wash three times a day until the freckles disappear.

SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on the stomach.

STEW PANS.—A great mistake is made in American kitchens in not using the tin-lined copper stew-pans instead of the porcelain-lined, which burns far more readily and is not at all durable. No danger may be apprehended from the copper, as the tin can always be replaced at slight expense.

SWALLOWING COIN.—If a child swallows a coin need danger be feared, and should physics be given? Ans.—Generally when a coin is swallowed there is little or no danger. If it happens to be a bronze, then there may be chemical changes that will cause copper poisoning; otherwise, do not worry, for what will pass into the stomach will pass through. Avoid physics, it empties the bowels when they should be kept full by coarse food—as coarse bread, or something to distend and enlarge the digestive tube.

CHEAP BLACKING.—A correspondent of the *Vermont Farmer* vouches for the value of blacking made in the following manner: Fill a bottle half full of nails or rusty bits of iron; then fill with sharp vinegar; shake every few days for a while; in a few weeks it will be ready for use. It improves with age. When used down fill again with vinegar. When boots become red, wet in the blacking and oil them; they will look as good as new. The oil sets the color; it will neither rub nor wash off. It is good for all kinds of leather, will not injure in the least.

A piece of alum as big as a hickory nut will render clear a pail of muddy water. Dissolve the alum, stir and allow the impurities to settle.

When a child's ear becomes painful, as it so often does, everything should be done to soothe it, and all strong, irritating applications should be avoided. Pieces of hot onion or fig should not be put in; but warm flannels should be applied with poppy-fomentation, if the pain does not subside. How much children suffer from their ears—unpinned because unknown—it would probably write the hearts of those who love

them suddenly to discover. It is often very hard, even for medical men, to ascertain that the cause of a young child's distress is seated in the ear, and frequently a discharge from it, with a cessation of pain, first reveals the secret of a mysterious attack, which has really been an inflammation of the drum: The watchfulness of a parent, however, would probably suffice to detect the cause of suffering if directed to this point as well as to others. If children cry habitually when their ears are washed, that should not be neglected; there is, most likely, some cause of pain. Many membranes are destroyed from the discharges which take place during "teething." Whenever there is a discharge of matter from the ear, it would be right to pour in warm water night and morning, and so at least to try to keep it clean.—*American Farm Journal.*

RESOLUTIONS.

Adopted by Mt. Pleasant Grange, No. 361, P. of H.

WHEREAS, The declaration of principles and purposes of the National Grange assert the motto of "meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and acting together, for mutual protection"; and

WHEREAS, Great importing monopolies have now on hand in the United States sufficient of coffee and tea for eighteen months supply, and have been, and are now, trying to lobby through Congress a tax on coffee and tea, whereby to put millions of dollars in their pockets without putting one cent in the National Treasury, and

WHEREAS, There is quite a large sum of money belonging to the National Grange Treasury, which has sprung the question, What shall be done with the money in the National Grange Treasury? Therefore,

Resolved, By Mt. Pleasant Grange, No. 361, P. of H., of Ohio county, Ky., that we are in favor of using said money for the purpose of buying coffee and tea, more especially coffee, on the fields of their production, and importing it to these United States, for the use of the brotherhood, at cost and incidental expenses.

Resolved, That we ask the Subordinate Granges to adopt these or similar resolutions, and report to the Secretary of the State Grange their action, and if a majority of all the Granges do not adopt them, then we request the Executive Committee of the National Grange, to at once appropriate enough of said money to purchase a large crop of coffee and tea, and send an agent to some good coffee fields, where he shall purchase as above stated.

Resolved, That if there is a lack of funds in the hands of the National Grange, for the above purpose, that they shall immediately report what amount is needed from each Grange to make the required amount, who shall immediately report by sending up the needed amount.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished THE HERALD, and Southern Agriculturalist. M. S. RAGLAND, M. S. WALLACE, Secy.

An old recipe for the removal of freckles is to bathe the face in April snow.

The man who does not read the advertisements lives a mortgaged house round the corner, and runs in debt for groceries. The printer has long since ceased to trust him.

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?" "No," answers Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

JOSEPH VAUGHT,
BLACKSMITH,
HARTFORD, KY.

All kinds of Blacksmithing done in good style and at the lowest price for cash only.

HORSE-SHOEING.
made a specialty. Will shoe all round for \$1.25 and 15

THE CROW HOUSE,
Opposite the Courthouse
HARTFORD, KY.

JOHN S. VAUGHT, . . . PROPRIETOR.
Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

STAGE LINE.
Mr. Vaught will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the P. & S. and Western railroad. Passengers set down wherever they desire.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN,
HARTFORD, KY.

Dealer in
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Fine Toilet Soaps, Fancy Hair and Tooth Brushes, Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

Garden Seed.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Staffs,
Letter-paper, Pens, Ink, Envelopes, Glass Putty, Carbon oil, Lamps and Chimneys.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.
WM. GRAVES, WM. T. COX.

House Carpenters.
We respectfully announce to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county, that we are prepared to do House Carpentering, Furniture Repairing, and any kind of Wood-work, on short notice at reasonable terms. Shop in Maury's old stand.
WM. GRAVES, WM. T. COX.

GEO. KLEIN,

JNO. M. KLEIN

GEO. KLEIN & BRO.

HARTFORD, KY.



Dealers in house furnishing goods, for general kitchen and table use. We keep constantly on hand, the celebrated

ARIZONA COOKING STOVE.

Seven sizes for either coal or wood. House-keepers are delighted with its superior cooking and baking. It has no equal anywhere. Call and see for yourself.

1875 AGAIN! 1875

LOUISVILLE WEEKLY

COURIER-JOURNAL

Continued for the present year its liberal arrangement, whereby, on the 31st of December, 1875, it will distribute impartially among its subscribers

\$10,000
in presents, comprising greenbacks and nearly one thousand useful and beautiful articles. The Courier-Journal is a long-established live, readable, progressive, newsy, bright and spicy paper.

No other paper offers such inducements to subscribers and club agents. Circulars with full particulars and specimen copies sent free on application.
Terms, \$2.00 a year and liberal offers to clubs. Daily edition \$12. Postage prepaid on all papers without extra charge. Address
W. N. HALDEMAN,
President Courier-Journal Company
Louisville, Ky.



J. F. YAGER,
Sale and Livery Stable,
HARTFORD, KY.

I desire to inform the citizens of Hartford and vicinity that I am prepared to furnish Saddle and Harness Stock, Buggies and conveyances of all kinds as the most reasonable terms. Horses taken to feed or board by the day, week or month. A liberal share of patronage solicited.

Plow Stocking

AND

GENERAL WOODWORK.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Ohio county, that they are now prepared to do all kinds of WOODWORK
at their new shop in Hartford. They have secured the services of a competent workman to STOCK PLOWS,
and they guarantee satisfaction, both as to work and prices, in all cases. They will make

WAGONS AND BUGGIES,
and will make funeral
COFFINS AND BURIAL CASES
at the lowest possible prices. Call and see us before engaging your work elsewhere.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
and satisfaction guaranteed. By close application to business we hope to merit the support of our friends.
JAN. 25, 1875. MAUTZ & HUNT.
JAN 15

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY

LIVERPOOL.

Security and Indemnity.
CAPITAL—\$10,000,000 GOLD.
CASH ASSETS, OVER \$12,000,000 GOLD.
CASH ASSETS IN U. S., \$1,837,984 GOLD.

Losses paid without discount, refer to 12th condition of Company's policy.

BARBER & CASTLEMAN, General Agents,
Louisville, Kentucky.
BARRETT & BRO., Agents,
HARTFORD, KY.

ELECTION NOTICE!

LOCAL OPTION.

Notice is hereby given that at the May election to be held on the 1st day of May, 1875, in District No. 7, Ohio county, Ky., at the court house in Hartford, a poll will be opened for the purpose of taking the sense of the legal voters in said district upon the proposition whether or not spirituous or malt liquors shall be sold in said district.

THOS. J. SMITH,
Sheriff of Ohio County.
March 13, 1875.

L. J. LYON.
Dealer in
Groceries and Confectioneries.
HARTFORD, KY.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Groceries and Confectioneries, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.
I will also pay the highest cash price for hides, sheepskins, eggs, butter, bacon, potatoes, beans, etc.
JAN 15

ALONZO TAYLOR,
Fashionable Barber and Hair Cutter,
HARTFORD, KY.

Shop on Market street, over J. W. Lewis' store, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.

NOTICE.
Wanted to borrow \$3,000 for two or three years, for which ten per cent. interest will be paid—payable semi-annually—not to be due if interest is not promptly paid, and will secure the lender by a mortgage on real estate; and an additional security will give him to hold as collateral real estate lien notes worth at least \$6,000. Address "MONEY," care Herald office, Hartford, Ky.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 12, I. O. G. T.
Meets regularly every Thursday evening in Taylor's Hall. Transient members of the Order are cordially invited to attend.
JOHN P. BARRETT, W. C. T.
WALLACE GRUBBS, W. Secy.

JNO. M. KLEIN

L. F. WOERNER,

BOOT & SHOEMAKER.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

REPRESENTATIVE AND CHAMP-

ION OF AMERICAN ART TAVER

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875—NINTH YEAR.

THE ALDINE

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

A MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION NOW

DERFULLY CARRIED OUT.

The necessity of a popular medium for the

representation of the productions of our great

artists has always been recognized, and many

attempts have been made to meet the want.

The successive failures which have so far accom-

panied each attempt in this country to estab-

lish an art journal, did not prove the indiffer-

ence of the people of America to the claims of

high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of

the want and an ability to meet it were shown,

the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to

its support, and the result was a great artistic

and commercial triumph.—THE ALDINE.

The Aldine while issued with all the regu-

larity, has none of the temporary or staid in-

terests characteristic of ordinary periodicals.

It is an elegant miscellany of art, science,

and graceful literature, and a collection of pictures,

the most collection of artistic skill, in black

and white. Although a proper appreciation of

the want and an ability to meet it were shown,

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The Aldine while issued with all the regu-

larity, has none of the temporary or staid in-

terests characteristic of ordinary periodicals.

It is an elegant miscellany of art, science,

and graceful literature, and a collection of pictures,

the most collection of artistic skill, in black

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